image
305
SPAWN
HELL HUNT
PART 4
TODD MCFARLANE
JASON SHAWN ALEXANDER

# SPAWN


TODD McFARLANE
SCRIPT

JASON SHAWN ALEXANDER
TODD McFARLANE
ART

TODD McFARLANE AND JON GOFF
PLOT

TOM ORZECHOWSKI
LETTERING

PETER STEIGERWALD
COLORS

PHILIP TAN AND SUNNY GHO
ADDITIONAL ART & COLORS

FRANCESCO MATTINA
TODD McFARLANE
JASON SHAWN ALEXANDER
COVER ARTISTS

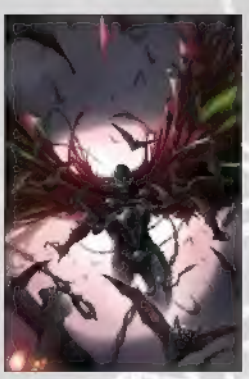
TODD McFARLANE
CREATIVE DIRECTOR

JON GOFF
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Publishing Coordinator
THOMAS HEALY

Publisher For Image Comics/
Chief Creative Officer
ERIC STEPHENSON

SPAWN CREATED BY
TODD McFARLANE

PREVIOUSLY IN *SPAWN*

**As Eddie Frank is hunted by violent agents of the afterlife in a small North Dakota town, Spawn and his allies work to track all of the powerful anomalies that have appeared across the globe. Meanwhile, Medieval Spawn arrives in North Dakota, and Eddie's troubles have only just begun...**


image

TODD McFARLANE
PRODUCTIONS
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WELCOME TO WESTHOPE, NORTH DAKOTA. A SMALL TOWN OF 1,400 RESIDENTS, LIVING TWENTY MILES EAST OF MONTANA AND SIX MILES SOUTH OF THE CANADIAN BORDER.
THIS UNASSUMING TOWN HAS LIVED QUIETLY FOR A HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS, BUT THEIR OBSCURITY HAS JUST BEEN SHATTERED... ON A NATIONAL LEVEL.
BECAUSE TWENTY MINUTES AGO, TWO GUNMEN OPENED FIRE AT A NEARBY HOLIDAY CELEBRATION, KILLING OVER A DOZEN PEOPLE.
THE MOTIVE FOR THE SHOOTING WAS SIMPLE, FOR THOSE INVOLVED: A 'NEW' SPAWN MYSTERIOUSLY EMERGED THERE, AND DARK, HIDDEN FORCES SEE ANY ADDITIONS TO THE RANKS OF HELLSPAWN AS A GIANT THREAT.
ONE FORCE UNLEASHED THEIR PRISONER, A FORMER SPAWN FROM MEDIEVAL TIMES.
WHILE THE GUNMEN, ANGEL WARRIORS IN HUMAN DISGUISE, WERE SENT BY HEAVEN'S SERVANTS TO ELIMINATE THAT THREAT.

TAKE HIM OUT, BEFORE HE CHANGES!

BAM BAM

KRAK

UNFORTUNATELY, FOR THEM, SPAWN AND SHE-SPAWN DON'T GIVE A DAMN ABOUT ANYTHING HEAVEN OR HELL MAY WANT!

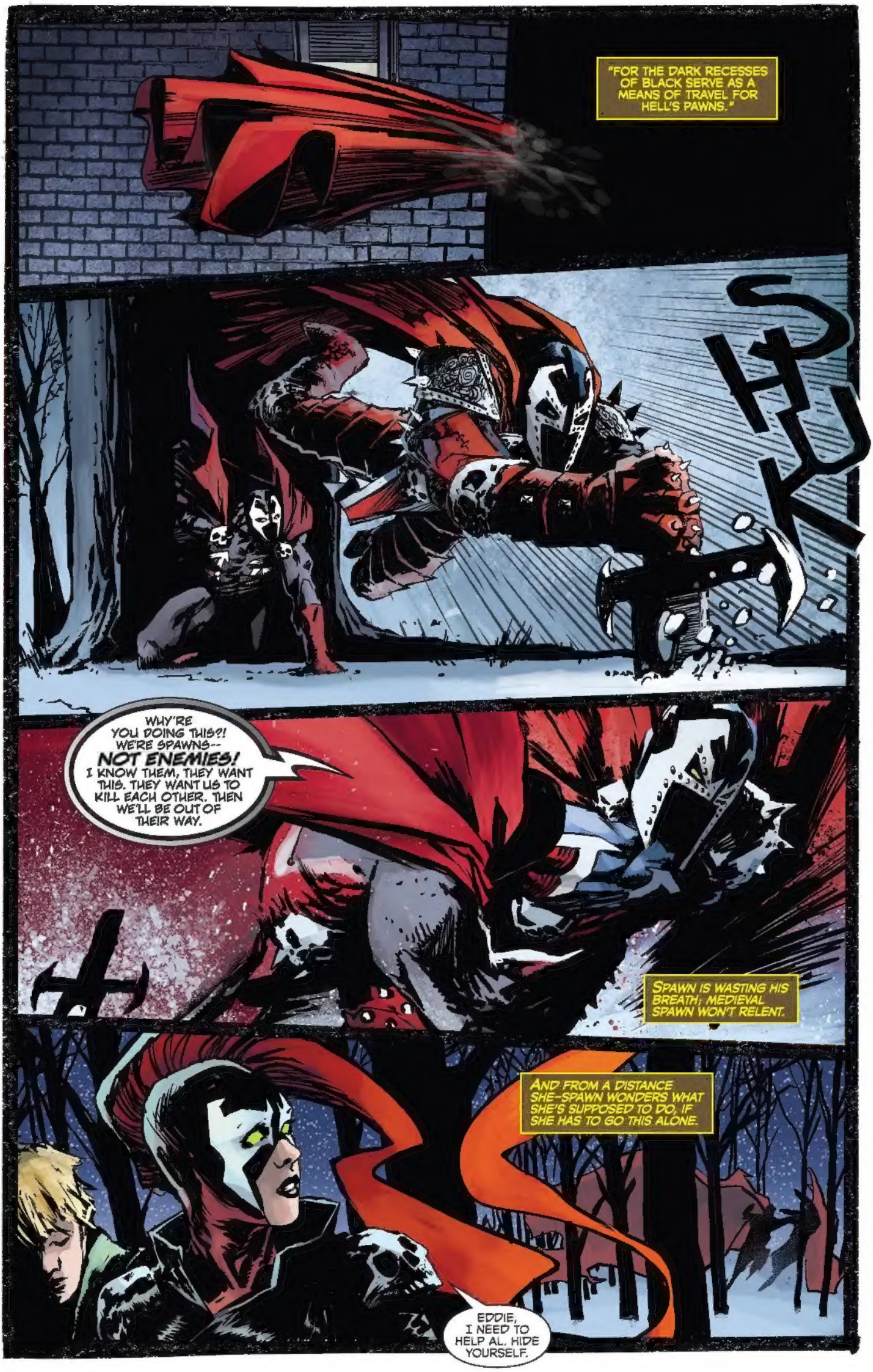
THAT'S IT, BITCH?
THAT'S YOUR BEST SHOT?
THIS IS GOING TO BE EASIER THAN WE THOUGHT.
HIS TRANSFORMATION HAPPENS IN SECONDS...
BLAM!
BLAM!
...WHILE THE REMOVAL OF THE ANGEL'S HEAD IS EVEN FASTER.
SCREW YOU.

LEAVE THE BOY ALONE!
Ting
Ting
Ting
MEDIEVAL SPAWN TURNS HIS ATTENTION TOWARD SPAWN. THIS MAN, AL SIMMONS, IS THE TRAITOR HE'S BEEN LOOKING FOR. AND THE STENCH OF HELL TELLS THE ARMORED ASSAILANT THAT HIS QUEST MAY FINALLY BE OVER!

ARE YOU EDDIE?
WHAT?
YOUR NAME, WHAT'S YOUR GODDAMN NAME?
EDDIE.
THEN YOU'RE COMING WITH ME!
SHE PICKS HIM UP LIKE HE'S A RAG DOLL, NEARLY SNAPPING HIS NECK IN THE PROCESS, BECAUSE JESSICA IS STILL LEARNING THE LIMITS OF HER NEWFOUND POWERS.
HEFTING A 160-POUND MILLENNIAL OVER HER SHOULDER ISN'T MUCH OF A TEST.
WE NEED COVER!
SHE RUSHES TO THE NEARBY WOODS HOPING TO BUY TIME FROM THE ANGEL SHE KNOWS IS JUST WOUNDED. BUT MORE IMPORTANTLY, SHE NEEDS TO TAKE THIS CONFRONTATION AWAY FROM THE PUBLIC'S PRYING EYES.
SIRENS BLARE IN THE DISTANCE AS POLICE AND FIRE-TRUCKS DESCEND UPON THE RECENT CARNAGE.
BUT FOR THOSE INVOLVED-- THIS IS FAR FROM OVER.

AROUND THE CORNER, SPAWN IS HOLDING HIS OWN.
SMASH
THOUGH HE'S NOT SURE WHY HE'S FIGHTING WHAT APPEARS TO BE ANOTHER SPAWN. IS THIS ARMOR-CLAD SPAWN AN ENEMY? MAYBE HE WAS JUST TRYING TO PROTECT EDDIE, AND NOW HE'S JUST REACTING TO A HOSTILE ATTACK.
WHUP
WHUP
WHUP
WHATEVER IT IS, SPAWN NEEDS TO KEEP HIMSELF HEALTHY ENOUGH TO FIND OUT.

NO MORE! YOUR REIGN OF TERROR IS OVER!
MEDIEVAL SPAWN CORNERS HIS VICTIM, READY TO DEAL HIS DEATHBLOW. BUT IN HIS ENRAGED STATE HE'S FORGOTTEN ONE OF THE RULES FROM HELL: "NEVER LET A SPAWN NEAR SHADOWS."


"FOR THE DARK RECESSES OF BLACK SERVE AS A MEANS OF TRAVEL FOR HELL'S PAWNS."
SHK
WHY'RE YOU DOING THIS?! WE'RE SPAWNS-- NOT ENEMIES!
I KNOW THEM, THEY WANT THIS. THEY WANT US TO KILL EACH OTHER. THEN WE'LL BE OUT OF THEIR WAY.
SPAWN IS WASTING HIS BREATH; MEDIEVAL SPAWN WON'T RELENT.
AND FROM A DISTANCE SHE-SPAWN WONDERS WHAT SHE'S SUPPOSED TO DO, IF SHE HAS TO GO THIS ALONE.
EDDIE, I NEED TO HELP AL. HIDE YOURSELF.

HER ATTENTION TRANSFIXED ON THE TWO SPAWNS, SHE DOESN'T HEAR THE MUFFLED CRUNCHING OF SNOW FROM BEHIND.
OR THE SHALLOW HISS, AS HEAVEN'S ANGEL TAKES HIS TRUE FORM AND PREPARES ANOTHER ONSLAUGHT.
THAK
SLASH
WHUMP
EDDIE, RUN! GET OUT OF HERE!
HE DOESN'T. INSTEAD, A PRIMAL SCREAM ECHOES THROUGH THE TREES.

FOR YEARS, EDDIE'S SOUL HAD BEEN TAKEN OVER BY THE GOD-LIKE CREATURE CALLED 'REDEEMER' WENT ON DESTROYING SPAWN
YEARS WHICH EDDIE WAS ESSENTIALLY A SLAVE, WITH NO DOMINION OVER HIS OWN BODY
BUT NOW THE REDEEMER HAS BEEN CAST ASIDE, REPLACED BY THE 'REAPER,' AND THIS TIME EDDIE IS FULLY AWARE OF ALL HIS ACTIONS
EDDIE?
EDDIE ,S JJST A PART OF WHAT I AM. WE SHARE THIS...
BEHIND YOU!
HE TURNS, AS A MINI-SOLAR FLARE LIGHTS UP THE SKIES.

IN A BAPTISM OF FIRE
REAPER
CLAIMS HIS FIRST CONQUEST
HEAVEN SHUDDERS AT THE SIGHT OF ITS ANGEL KILLING ONE OF THEIR OWN WITH SUCH FURY

WITH SUCH MAGNITUDE
WHAT. WAS THAT?!
I D DN'T MEAN TO SCARE YOU. I M SORRY.
I KNOW THEIR KIND-- I LIVED WITH THEM. THEY NEVER REST UNT L THEY GET WHAT THEY WANT
THAT'S DESTROY.NG US?
NO. THEY DON'T WANT US DEAD. THEY WANT TO CONTROL US, SO THEY CAN HARVEST OUR POWERS. MOST FOLLOWERS, THE FAITHFUL, WILLINGLY G.VE THEM EVERY-THING. FOR THOSE THAT RES.ST, HEAVEN TAKES IT FROM THEM HOW-EVER THEY CAN.
SO, GOD'S A THIEF?
WHEN NECESSARY
THAT'S INSANE!

AN INSANITY THAT FOR YEARS AL SIMMONS HAS BEEN BATTLING ON HIS OWN.
MEDIEVAL SPAWN BOLTS FOR HIS HELL-FORGED SWORD.
THWAK
YOU CAN'T MOVE IT.
UNGH
WHAT'VE YOU DONE?!
I SPOKE TO IT, TO YOUR WEAPON. IT WON'T RESPOND TO YOU ANY LONGER.
LIAR!
TRY AS HE MIGHT, THE BLADE WON'T BUDGE.
IT OBEYS ME, NOT YOU! IT WANTS TO BE HELD ONLY BY IT'S TRUE MASTER, NOT A FRAUD.
DROP IT, DEMON! STOP DESECRATING HER!
PUK

MEDIEVAL SPAWN MAKES ONE LAST EFFORT TO RECLAIM WHAT HE BELIEVES IS HIS.
SHUNK
AND WITH THAT ATTEMPT, A SACRED CREED HAS BEEN BROKEN. ONE THAT, UNTIL NOW, HAD STOOD SINCE THE CREATION OF DARKNESS ITSELF. A RULE SO UNHOLY THAT EVERY CREATURE AND DENIZEN OF HELL KNEW THE PASSAGE BY HEART.
"SPAWNS DO NOT KILL SPAWNS."

WITH HELICOPTER LIGHTS HONING IN ON THEIR LOCATION, SPAWN HAS NO CHOICE BUT TO WRAP THEM ALL IN HIS CAPE AND TELEPORT AWAY TO HIS SAFEHOUSE. IT'S A DESINATION THAT NO ONE BUT SPAWN CAN LOCATE.
INSIDE, MARC ROSEN MONITORS THE MOVEMENT OF THE OTHER NEW SIGNALS THAT HAVE APPEARED ACROSS THE GLOBE.
HE'S ALSO BEEN LISTENING TO THE NEWS ACCOUNTS OF WHAT TRANSPIRED IN NORTH DAKOTA.
AND THE FACT A MASS SHOOTING OCCURRED AS A DIRECT CONSEQUENCE OF SPAWN'S ACTIONS SICKENS HIM.
MARK, READY A LAB TABLE.
THAT'S IT? THAT'S ALL YOU'VE GOT TO SAY? PEOPLE ARE DEAD BECAUSE OF YOU!

WAS IT AS BAD AS THEY'RE SHOWING ON TV?
IT'S WORSE! THE ENEMIES CHASING AL, THEY DON'T CARE ABOUT ANYTHING! THEY'RE SOULLESS. AND IF TWO OF THEM WILL SLAUGHTER A GROUP OF INNOCENT BYSTANDERS, WHAT HAPPENS WHEN AL *PISSES OFF* AN *ARMY* OF THEM?
WE CAN ARGUE ABOUT THAT LATER. FOR NOW, WHO'S THE NEW GUY, AND WHAT'S WITH THE PILE OF DEBRIS?
IT'S A SPAWN OF SOME KIND. EXCEPT IT SURE AS HELL ISN'T ON MY SIDE. HE JUMPED ME AS SOON AS HE SAW ME.
AND SO YOU..
JUST ANALYZE WHAT'S LEFT OF HIM.

BECAUSE I WANT TO KNOW EXACTLY WHAT WAS INSIDE THIS THING. IF SOMEHOW I CREATED A BUNCH OF FRANKENSTEIN SPAWNS I'D LIKE TO KNOW IF ANY OF THEM ARE GOING TO BE ON MY SIDE.
BECAUSE IF I CAN'T EVEN TRUST OTHER SPAWNS THEN WE'RE ALL IN TROUBLE. I CAN'T FIGHT MY KIND TOO, NOT IF I'M GOING TO SURVIVE THIS LONG TERM.
HIS WEAPON-- USE IT TO YOUR ADVANTAGE. TURN THEIR POWER AGAINST THEM
OH, I'M GOING TO TURN MORE THAN A SWORD AGAINST THEM.

IT TAKES SPAWN OVER THREE MINUTES TO PRY THE ECTOPLASMIC GOO FROM THE DECAPITATED HELMET BEFORE SCOOPING OUT WHAT REMAINS OF HIS VICTIM'S HEAD.
IMMUNE TO ITS FLESH-EATING ACID COMPOUND, SPAWN CAREFULLY MAKES SURE NOT TO GET TOO CLOSE TO MARC.
THERE'S A CONTAINER IN A ROOM DOWN THE HALL. IT'LL HOLD THIS UNTIL WE CAN DISSECT IT.
THEN WHAT? DO YOU EVEN HAVE A PLAN OR ARE YOU JUST WINGING EVERYTHING AS YOU GO ALONG? YOU KNOW I WANT TO BE A PART OF THIS, BUT IF WE'RE JUST GOING TO RUN BLIND INTO EACH NEW THREAT...THAT'S SUICIDE!
I'M NOT JOINING THAT MISSION!
NO ONE'S KEEPING YOU HERE. YOU WANT TO LEAVE? I'LL TAKE YOU WHEREVER YOU WANT.
DON'T *GASLIGHT* ME! THEY KEEP KILLING EVERYTHING AROUND YOU SO, IF YOU GIVE A SHIT ABOUT ANYONE IN YOUR LIFE I'D THINK YOU'D KNOW EVERY DAMN DETAIL OF YOUR PLAN!

SHE'S RIGHT. HEAVEN, HELL...THEY'RE NEVER GOING TO REST
I GET YOUR SKEPTICISM, YOU'RE BOTH NEW TO THIS. BUT, EVERY TIME THE ENEMY MOVES, THEY EXPOSE THEMSELVES. I'VE GOT EYES THAT ARE WATCHING THEM.
MY GOAL IS TO FINALLY GET TO THE TOP RUNG OF THEIR ORGANIZATION.
SO, I'M SORRY INNOCENT PEOPLE ARE CAUGHT IN THIS CROSSFIRE. BUT I SWEAR TO BOTH OF YOU, I'M GOING TO HUNT DOWN EVER LAST ONE OF THEM BEFORE THEY CAN...
SUDDENLY, A LIQUID ABYSS ENGULFS SPAWN BEFORE HE CAN REACT. WHAT FOLLOWS WILL BE A NIGHTMARE LIKE NOTHING HE CAN IMAGINE.
NEXT: A Dark Vision of a Dark Future

# SPAWNING GROUND

P.O. Box 12230
Tempe, AZ 85284-0038

twitter.com/Todd_McFarlane
Facebook.com/liketoddmcfarlane

## ONE HELLUVA RUN...

I've been a fan of Jason Shawn Alexander's art and storytelling for a long time. And I used to think, "it'd be great to get someone like Jason-with his talent and gothic-horror-style imagery-to come on-board *Spawn*." Then it dawned on me... Why someone "like" Jason, when I could ask Jason? Worst case, I hoped, was that if he were interested (he was!) we'd get him for a few issues, maybe a mini-series. Lucky us, Jason wasn't just excited to bring his dark, moody, painterly style to *Spawn* for an issue or two... He was eager to embrace the challenge of monthly comics. And, we all LOVE comics, but a multi-year run on a monthly book is no small feat. Especially, for the artist! Each new day a new blank page waits to be brought to life. Then, and here's the catch... Once you're done with twenty pages and a cover and get an issue off to press... It's time to do it all again. For over two-and-a-half-years, Jason has delivered twenty-six killer issues (#276-#305) of *Spawn*. Putting him in a category with the likes of Greg Capullo, Angel Medina, Philip Tan, Brian Haberlin, Szymon Kudranski and myself, as an artist who has made a lasting impact on *Spawn* and his fan base!

So, thank you, Jason! From myself, the TMP team and all the fans. Best of luck in all you've got cooking up. Excited to see where you take your art from here and what new comics you'll excite and scare us all with next.

TODD

SPAWN #276 (July, 2017)
Cover by Jason Shawn Alexander

SPAWN #305 (Feb, 2020)
Cover by Jason Shawn Alexander

NEXT ISSUE

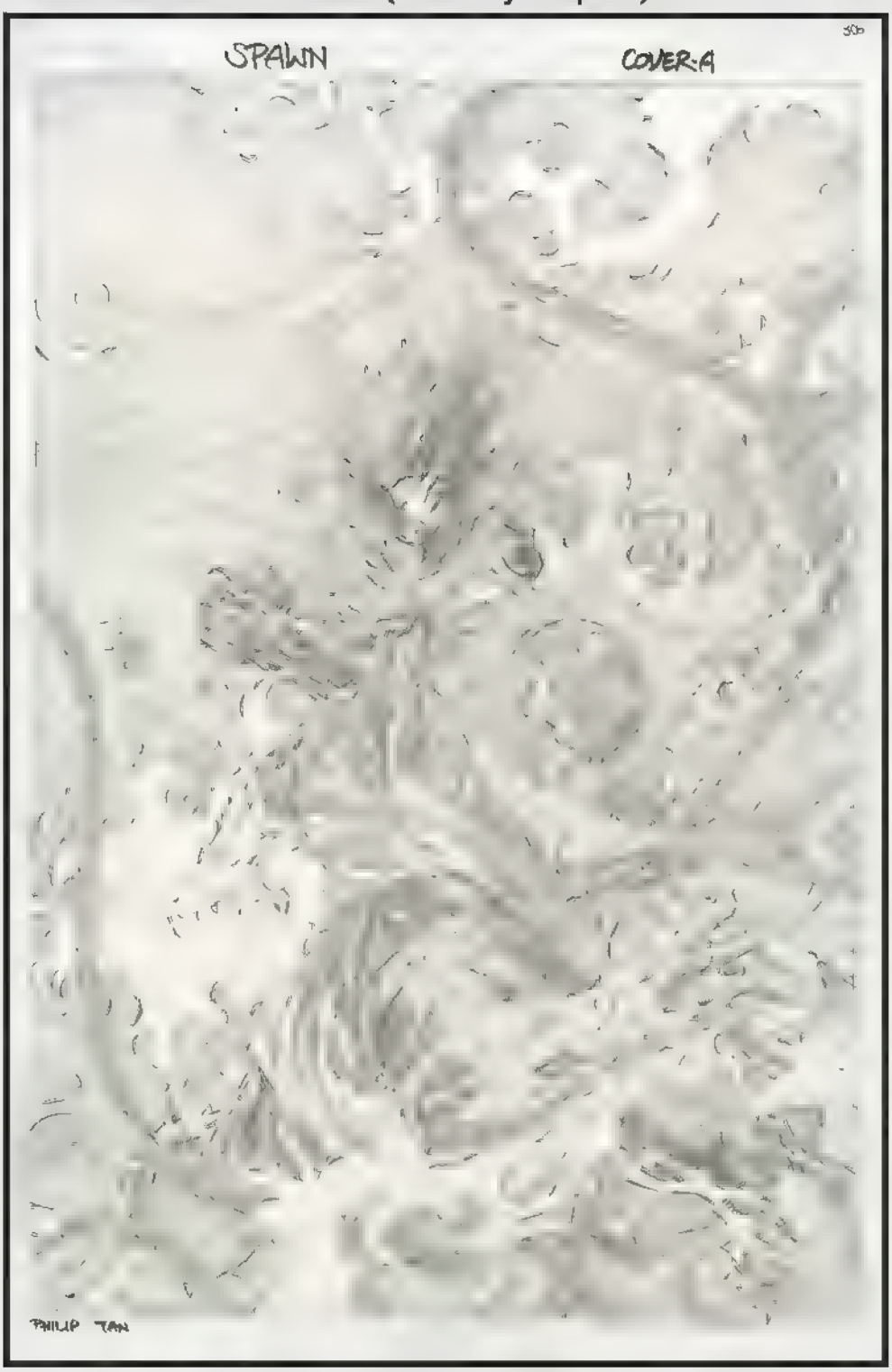
PROPHECY OF DEATH, Part 1
Witness a dark future to come.

# SPAWNING GROUND

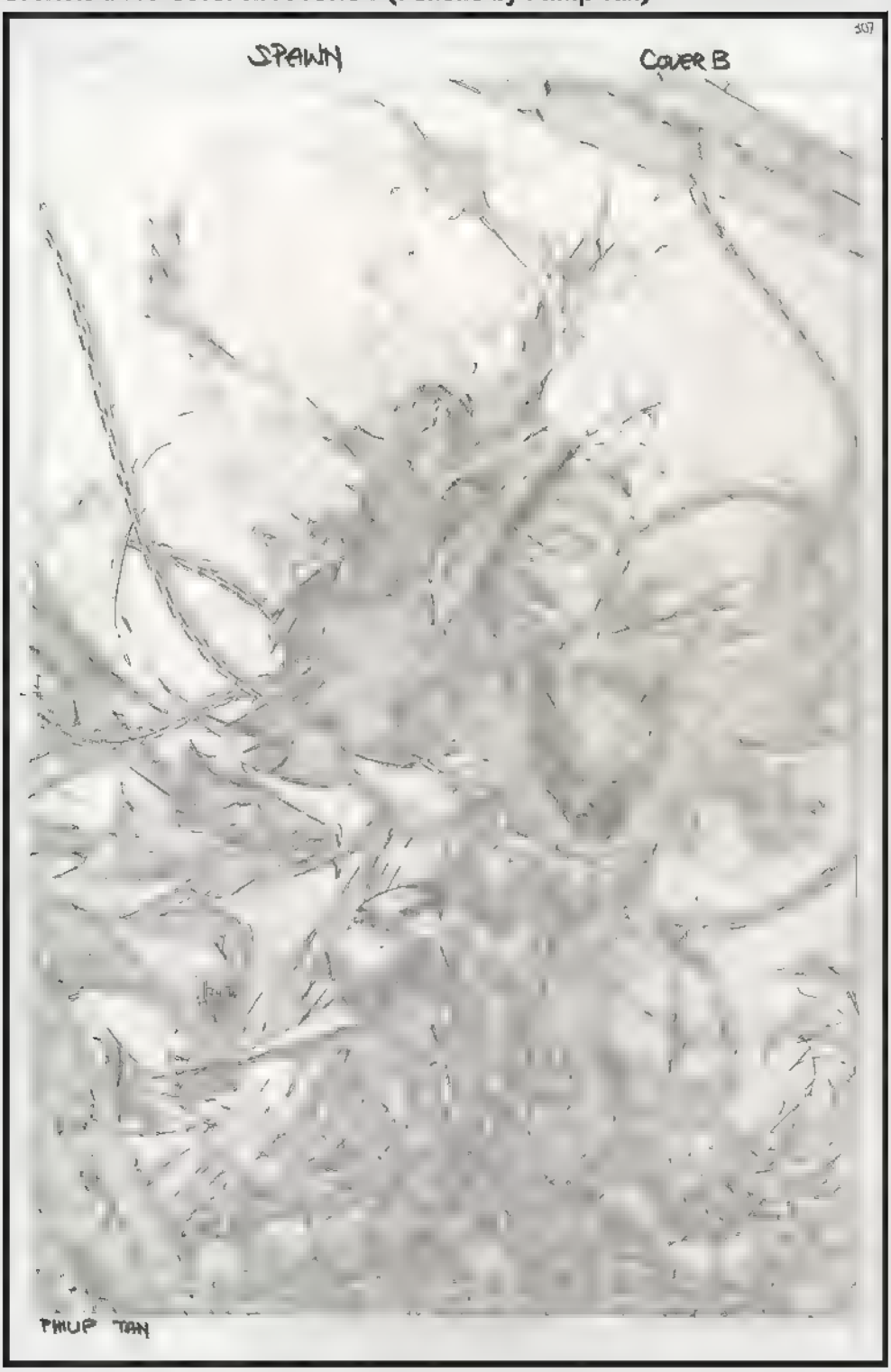
## ...BUT THE MARATHON CONTINUES!

Following Jason's epic run, we have fan-favorite Spawn artist, Philip Tan, returning to weave a strange new tale of a dark and terrible future. One set into motion by Spawn's actions. And one that threatens more than Al and his new-found allies. The fate of the world hangs in the balance, so consider the sneak peek at Philip's cover pencils for Spawn #306 and #307 both a teaser and a warning... dark days are coming, and they just may bring the end of all thing with them...

**SPAWN #306 Cover Art Preview (Pencils by Philip Tan)**



**SPAWN #307 Cover Art Preview (Pencils by Philip Tan)**




Who is this dangerous new character? Friend or foe? Both?

Time will tell, and for Al Simmons, time may be running out!

See you next month. Until then, give 'em Hell!

-Jon

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Joshua Williamson • Mike Henderson

# NAILBITER RETURNS

— APRIL 2020 —

HE'S BEEN AWAY TOO LONG...

image

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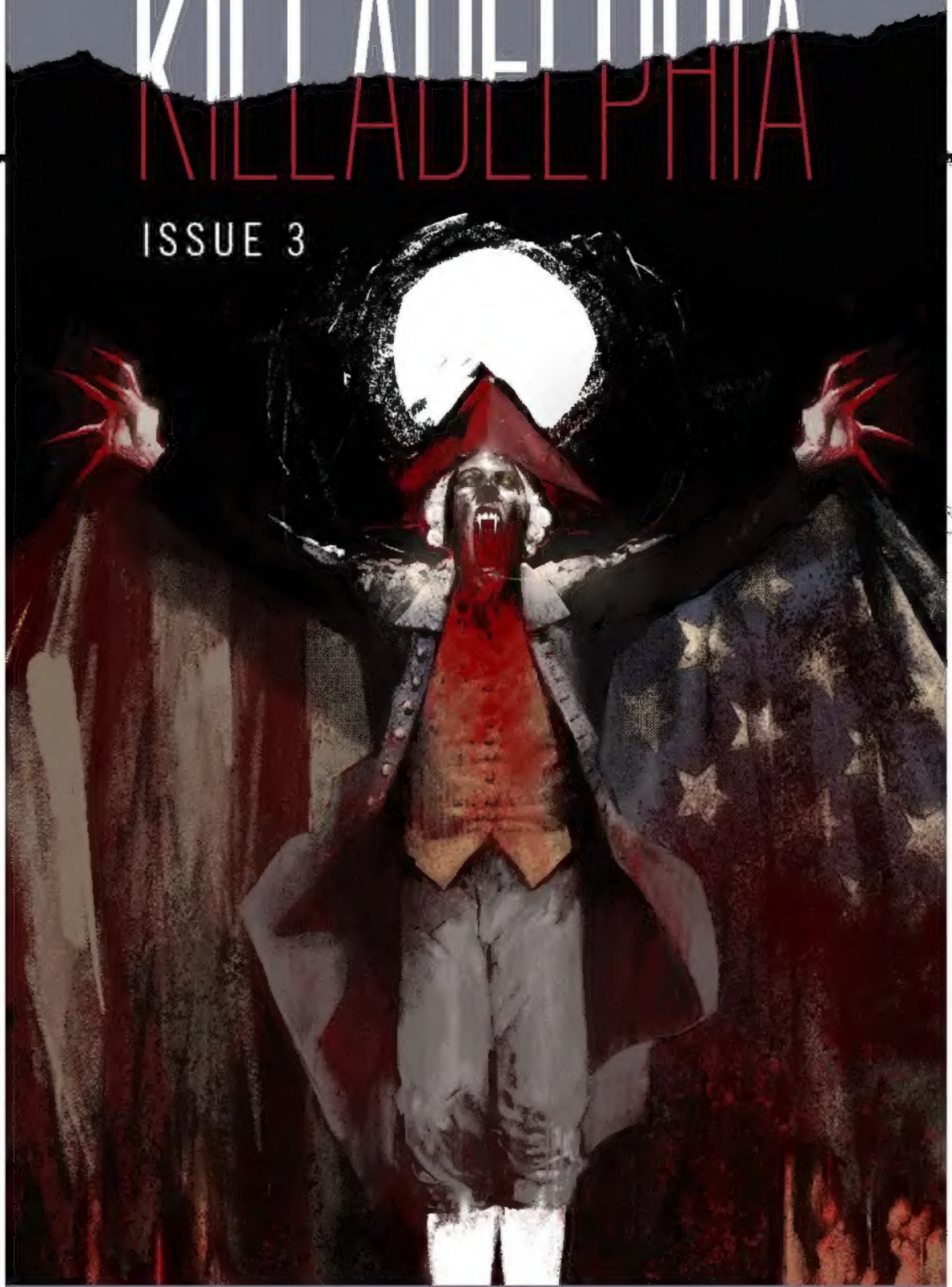
MAN WASN'T BUILT
FOR SELF-RULE.

*BUT I AM NO LONGER A MAN.*

# KILLADELPHIA

ISSUE 3



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# SPAWN 306

A DARK VISION OF THE FUTURE FROM:

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